

This Week

MAGAZINE...GENERAL ISSUE

MARCH 14, 1965

Richmond Times-Dispatch



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Lovely colleen
with a famous mother

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Selena Mead takes a cruise

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Plus regular features



Don Ormiz

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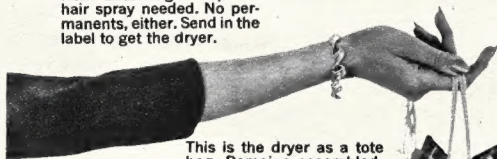
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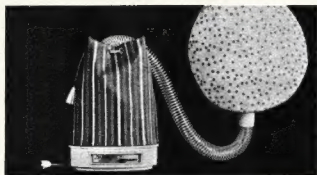
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T-3

Words To Live By



The Irish question

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, speaking as an Irishman, summed up an approach to life: "Other peoples," he said, "see things and say, 'Why?' . . . But I dream things that never were — and I say: 'Why not?'"

It is that quality of the Irish, the remarkable combination of hope, confidence, and imagination, that is needed more than ever today. The problems of the world cannot possibly be solved by skeptics or cynics whose horizons are limited by the obvious realities. We need men who can dream of things that never were, and ask why not.

NOTE: President Kennedy spoke the above words on his visit to Dublin in 1963. For more samples of Irish wit, in honor of St. Patrick's Day, see Page 9.

March 14, 1965

The National Sunday Magazine • For A Better America

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This Week

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THIS WEEK Magazine / March 14, 1965 **3**



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(SEE REVERSE SIDE)

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Charlie Rice's



Punchbowl

A real Miss and a few myths



And for St. Pat's Day, ladies and gents, I give you pretty **Bronwyn FitzSimons**, the redhead on our cover. She's the daughter of **Maureen O'Hara** — and you can't get much more Irish than that!

Bronwyn is following in her mother's footsteps via the Philip-pines, where she just finished a picture called "The Pillagers." She's only 19, and though she was born in the U.S., Maureen sent her to Dublin for schooling. Bronwyn may be the only teen-ager in the country who speaks Gaelic. We'll come back to that later.

First, I want to brag that I'm something of an authority on matters Irish myself, because some years ago I did a column with **Pat O'Brien**, and I've been adding to my research ever since. (Faith — and me a good Welshman!)

Let me first repeat a few surprises, in case you never read them in the first place. Then I'll get on to some new ones:

✦ There are practically as many **Smiths** in the Dublin directory as there are **Kellys** and **Murphys**.

✦ St. Patrick couldn't have chased the snakes out of Ireland because there weren't any there. Due to geologic conditions, Ireland and New Zealand are the only two spots on earth without snakes.

✦ Irish whiskey is made from grain, not potatoes. And potatoes are not native to Ireland anyway — they were introduced from South America.

Well, so much for old curiosities. I've got some new ones that I like even better:

✦ Well, you just won't believe this one: St. Patrick's Cathedral in Dublin is a **Protestant** church!

✦ If you tried to tell a "Pat and Mike" joke in Ireland, everybody would wonder if you were talking about a couple of Australians. All Patricks there are known as

"Paddy" and all Michaels are known as "Mick."

✦ If you think corned beef and cabbage is an Irish dish, take another guess. But there is a traditional boiled dinner — bacon and cabbage.

✦ The shamrock is the national flower of Ireland but almost no two Irishmen can agree on what a shamrock is. There are half a dozen unrelated plants that have their devotees.

✦ Ireland is the motorist's Paradise — it has many more miles of paved road per capita than any other country on earth. And speaking about transportation, I am indebted to Mr. Gordon Clark, of the Irish Tourist Board, for this gem: Ireland had one of the earliest monorails in all the world. It ran nine and a quarter miles between Listowel and Ballybunion, from 1888 to 1924. "And it was perfectly safe," says Mr. Clark in a fine brogue — "as long as the passengers were balanced tidily on either side of the carriage."

But let's get back to our pretty redhead cover girl. As I said, Bronwyn FitzSimons can speak Gaelic (a tongue that linguists consider as difficult as Japanese).



Maureen and Bronwyn

"I learned it in school," says Bronwyn. "Nobody told me it was hard, so it came easy."

But anyway, Bronwyn said that in Ireland the pleasant way to say good-bye to a friend is "**Dia dhuit**" — God be with you. Then your friend will

naturally try to top your good-bye with "**Dia's Mhuire dhuit**" — God and Mary be with you.

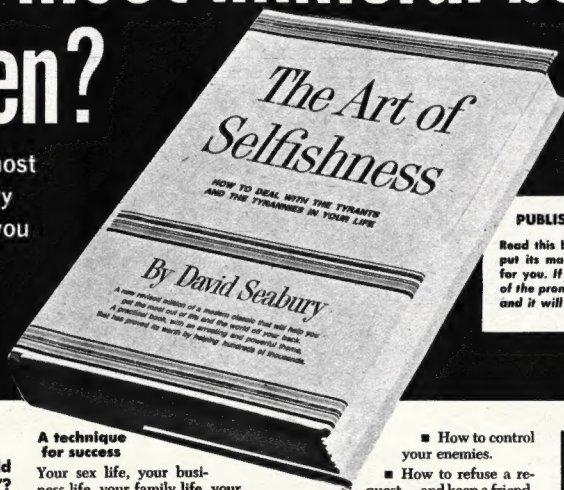
To which you will say, " 's **Phraig**" — Patrick, too.

So that's what I wish you, dear reader, on this St. Pat's Day "**Dia's Mhuire dhuit**, 's **Phraig**."

Charlie Rice

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5. Do you often find yourself making what you know are wrong—even dangerous—decisions because you're afraid of hurting someone else's feelings?
6. Are you being crushed under a "debt of love" to someone you don't love?
7. Are you on the brink of an emotional crisis because your wife, husband, in-law, or perhaps a business or professional associate, is making life a living hell for you—and you see no way out of your dilemma?
8. Have you vainly struggled to put your finger on the elusive "something" that defeats you while others race ahead?
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A book tested by time, THE ART OF SELFISHNESS by Dr. David Seabury is an amazing book. Originally published in 1937, it created a sensation, was reported the #1 bestseller by The New York Times in November of that year, went through many printings, and then had a continuing life in a series of reprint editions. It has been unavailable for about ten years. This is a new, updated, revised edition.

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We'd rather suffer the tortures of hell, than be labeled "selfish". And yet, most of us don't even know what the word means. Is it "selfish" to refuse to let someone take advantage of you? Is it "selfish" to refuse to ruin your own life for someone else's selfish ends?

THE ART OF SELFISHNESS is not a self-help compendium of clichés and recipes for better living. It is a work of intense scholarship and devotion by one of the greatest psychologists of our time... a book that has triumphantly united the wisdom of antiquity with the findings of modern science.

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What is obscene?

BY CHARLES STANLEY

*There are those who feel we are so afraid of infringing
on our rights that we have gone beyond the limit of decency in our literature and entertainment*

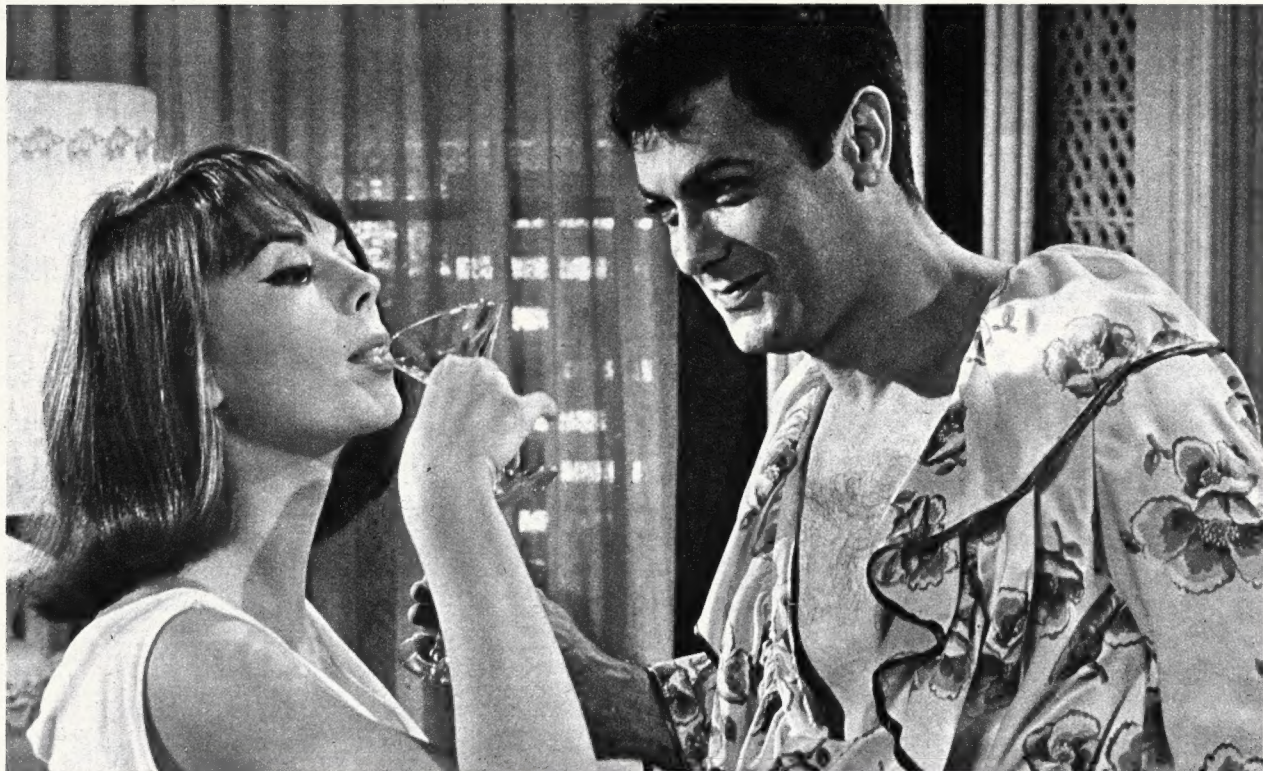
With movies like "Kiss Me, Stupid" (subject: adultery), "Sex And The Single Girl" (promiscuity) and "A House Is Not A Home" (prostitution), with television presenting "Peyton Place" and the occasional "blue" material of various stand-up comics, with best-selling books like "Harlow" (a Hollywood peep-show) and "Memoirs Of A Woman of Pleasure" (18th-century lechery) and with plays like "The Toilet," we have gone, morally speaking, about as far as almost anyone could wish on cinema and TV screens, the printed page and the stage.

Not one of these exhibits would have been allowed out in public 15 years ago. Today, if not generally rejoiced in, they are accessible and tolerated. They suggest that what we are beginning to accept as entertainment is getting close to what used to be called "hard-core pornography" (which also has not dwindled in recent years).

The change is a radical one and poses a couple of urgent questions:

Has the limit finally been reached or are we to be exposed to further trials?

Can anything be done to stem the erotic tide and if so, what?



Recent movies such as "Sex and the Single Girl" with Natalie Wood and Tony Curtis (above) would not have been allowed 15 years ago. Today, they are tolerated

The old-time morality no doubt began changing early in the century, but the transformation became most rapid and noticeable in the 1950's. That decade was a real turning point, for it was then that the U.S. Supreme Court allowed books and movies greater latitude of subject matter.

According to a New York State law, for instance, it used to be possible for the State to ban a movie if it were found to be "indecent, obscene, immoral, inhuman, sacrilegious, or of such a character that its exhibition would tend to corrupt morals or incite crime."

Ruling in 1952 on an Italian film called "The Miracle," the Supreme Court knocked out the "sacrilegious" part of this edict, and then, in 1959, after pondering the merits of the movie version of D. H. Lawrence's novel, "Lady Chatterley's Lover," scuttled the "immoral" provision. In the former case, the Court felt that unpopular views of religious minorities might be banned as "sacrilegious"; in the latter, "immoral" was said in this context to be likely to lead to abridgement of the Constitutional freedom to advocate ideas.

The same august body, just after exculpating "The Miracle," performed a similar service for a film called "Pinky." The story of a light-complexioned Negro girl who passed for white, "Pinky" ran into trouble in Texas. In okaying "The Miracle" and "Pinky," the Supreme Court reversed a major decision it had handed down in 1915. At that time, it had pronounced the movies to be purely a business and, as such, excluded from the protection which the Constitution guaranteed the press. This decision encouraged quite a few states to pass laws aimed at regulating the filmfare Hollywood was dishing out.

The 1952 decisions, which called the movies a medium of communication rather than a business, grouped them, along with the press, under cover of the First and 14th Amendments. After that, the state civil-censorship laws were harder to apply and many fell into disuse. At present, only Maryland, Kansas, Virginia and New York maintain motion-picture censorship boards.

The Lady Chatterley legend

"Lady Chatterley's Lover" helped to lower censors' barriers also as a book. In 1950, Postmaster General Arthur Summerfield personally declared the controversial novel to be "obscene and non-mailable." The publishers took the case to court, where the judge ruled that the Postmaster General had "no special competence to determine what constitutes obscenity" and declared that Lady Chatterley was not obscene.

In delivering these various decisions, the courts have been trying to define the uncertain line that separates our Constitutional right to free expression from what might be construed as obscenity.

For example, an author writes a book about war. If he eliminates profanity, revolting sights, odors, etc. he is not conveying a true picture of his subject. Nor is he, on the other hand, if he over-emphasizes such aspects or indulges in them for their own sake. Often it is not easy to know whether his intention is the former, and therefore legitimate, or the latter, and vulgar or smutty.

Courts become confused, and so do individual readers. Most of us are wary of censorship for we realize that the suppression of any idea, no matter how controversial, holds the threat of further infringements on the Constitutional guarantee of freedom of speech and the press.

In the hope of guiding judges, who are faced

with the task of labeling one thing honest self-expression, another obscenity in books, movies, TV shows, etc., the Supreme Court has developed a three-point test of the questioned material:

1. Is it "utterly without redeeming social importance"?
2. Does "the dominant theme, taken as a whole, appeal to prurient interest" in "the average person, applying contemporary community standards"?
3. Does it also go "substantially beyond customary limits of candor" to the point of "patent offensiveness"?

These queries unfortunately draw different answers from different judges. The New York Court of Appeals, for instance, recently gave a clean bill of health to the 200-year-old "Memoirs Of A Woman Of Pleasure" (also called "Fanny Hill"), while courts in Rhode Island, Massachusetts and New Jersey were banning it.

200-year-old standards

In taking his stand, Judge Morris Pashman, of the Bergen County (N. J.) Superior Court, stated that, though "sex is not synonymous with obscenity," "Fanny Hill" made it so. "Free rein," he added, "should not be given under the guise of Constitutional guarantees to vilely depict perversion and sexual adventures as John Cleland (Fanny's author) saw fit 200 years ago."

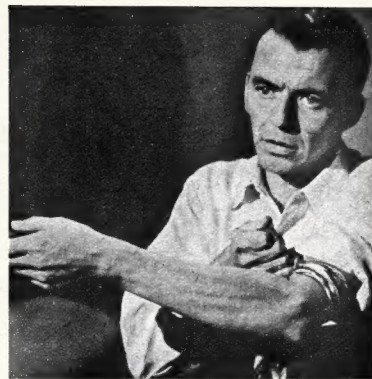
Hollywood also has tried to establish workable standards of judgment to police its own output. After some unhappy experiences in the late 1920's, it set up a production code administration, the so-called Hays Office, empowered to issue seals of approval to films.

The 1950's shook up this agency, too. When the Hays Office withheld approval from two films, "The Man With The Golden Arm" (dealing with narcotics addiction) and "The Moon Is Blue" (turning on a question of virginity), the producer of both, Otto Preminger, went ahead to show them anyway and made a killing.

To judge from its recent behavior, the code never recovered from this blow. Not long ago, for instance, it astonished everyone by approving director Billy Wilder's latest opus, "Kiss Me, Stupid."

This film and others of the same kind have provoked a slight stirring of public conscience. New York and Los Angeles have started talking about a return to the practice of classifying films (as suitable for children, adults, etc.). The Catholic League of Decency has condemned "Kiss Me, Stupid," the first major Hollywood production to be disapproved in over ten years.

A Vatican newspaper noted that of 447 movies



"The Man With The Golden Arm," starring Sinatra, defied Hays Office, made money

made in 1964, an ecclesiastical film review commission found only 54 suitable as family fare. Pope Paul VI spoke out: "We know how much modern life needs to be redirected . . . to greater dignity, especially since spectacles and public entertainment seem to want to degrade human life and its purity." And in this country a rapidly multiplying number of church and local citizens' groups is attempting to combat obscene literature, its publishers and its distributors.

These evidences of public concern may be the start of a trend away from passive acceptance. But perhaps more significance can be found in a broader area. The explosion of good taste and culture in the United States is outstripping even the population explosion and can be seen as a healthy force working toward a greater public maturity. Attendance at concerts, dance recitals, plays, operas and art exhibits is setting new records in all parts of the country, reflecting rising college enrollments. Sales of inexpensive copies of the classics far exceed the lurid junk.

Pornography is not likely to go away of its own accord, but from all appearances good taste, which is of course fostered by our increasingly higher standards of education, is on the rise. And while legislation can sometimes be effective in the fight against pornography, the defense that good taste puts up against it is inbred and infallible.

It follows then that the number of "Kiss Me, Stupid," "Fanny Hills," etc., we will have to endure probably will decrease as the cultural explosion spreads and good taste becomes something we apply to books and movies as well as to food.

(THE END)

WHO CAN CENSOR?

These are the government agencies involved in the censorship problem in one way or another:

POST OFFICE DEPT.: Sending obscene matter through mails is a federal offense. Post Office cannot open first-class mail, but it can take steps when a complaint is made. Anyone who receives obscene mail should report it to local postmaster.

TREASURY DEPT.: Its Customs officials enforce Federal ban on importing obscenity.

FBI: Has jurisdiction over interstate traffic in obscenity.

POLICE: Enforce state and local laws against obscenity.

COURTS: Interpret laws on obscenity and decide on their constitutionality.



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Irish wit

Erin's art and treasure is the spoken word

BY JOE MCCARTHY

Drawings by Bill O'Brian

When I was planning my first trip to Ireland, I asked Kevin Durnin, of the Irish Tourist Office in New York, what to expect in that land of the shamrock. Instead of talking about scenic beauty, castles or fishing, Durnin stared reflectively at his desk blotter for a moment and said, "The thing in Ireland that'll impress you most will be the words you'll hear — bright, colorful, often poetic, sharp and snappy. Ireland's art and treasure is the spoken word. There's no lack of entertainment, no need for movies or television, while an Irishman has a tongue in his mouth."

I wasn't in Ireland 20 minutes when I began to see what Durnin meant. An elderly red-faced Irishman at the next table in the Shannon Airport's restaurant said to the waiter, "This tea is so weak you could spear a shark through forty fathoms of it." After a few more minutes, my next-table neighbor, by now an old friend, was regaling me with a story about a glib auctioneer in County Kerry named Sean McGrath and I was agreeing with Durnin completely.



It seems that McGrath was trying to sell at a country auction sale one of those round black iron pots used in Irish cottages for cooking over a peat fire. Spotting in his audience the local Protestant minister, the auctioneer called to him joshingly, "Ah, now, Reverend, this nice little pot would make a grand bell for your church."

The clergyman, being also Irish, replied as quick as a flash, "With your tongue in it, Mr. McGrath?"

As my ruddy-cheeked companion dug into his eggs and bacon and brown wholewheat bread, his wit and unexpected word-play rolled on effortlessly. A question about the distance from Shannon to Limerick prompted him to observe, "I've often walked it but the trouble with walking is that the miles begin at the wrong end."

"Speaking of distance," he added, "did you

hear of the lady who was sending poultry to her relatives in the West of Ireland for the holidays? She asked a clerk in the Post Office at Dublin how long it would take for a goose to get to Galway. The clerk said, 'Is he flying or walking, ma'am?'"

Speculation about the future of Ireland moved my new acquaintance to point out that the nice thing about the future is that it comes only one day at a time.

When I finished my breakfast, we shook hands and I told him that it had been a pleasure talking with him.

"I would say the same to you, sir," he said, "but it would sound repetitive."

And so it went everywhere I traveled in Ireland. People of all ages from all walks of life were always saying things that I wanted to write down. The gift of gab, as they call it, is the most conspicuous talent of the Irish and the reason why so many of them excel, in this country as well as at home, in the verbal professions — the law, teaching, politics, preaching, writing and the theater. *It has been said that uneducated rural people in England and on the continent of Europe have a vocabulary of around 500 words. A survey made some years ago showed Irish country folk, unable to read or write, using in casual conversation more than 5,000 different words.*

"In most Irish minds, images and ideas are in collision, and that collision is the essence of wit," V. S. Pritchett, the critic and essayist, has said. "Obliquity of mind and speech is second nature to them. They never miss a trick of word play and the quickness is embellished by a love of fantasy for its own sake."



Punning is a favorite form of Irish conversational sport. When the famous talker, physician and poet, Oliver St. John Gogarty, saw a friend enter-

ing a tavern with a patch on one eye, he could not resist exclaiming, "Drink to me with thine only eye!" Gogarty's teacher, J. P. Mahaffy, the Trinity College wit whom Oscar Wilde called "an artist in vivid words," once argued against a vehement exponent of woman's right to vote. "After all," the suffragette declared, "what's the difference between a man and a woman?"

Mahaffy said, "I can't conceive."



The Irish fondle a word, polishing it before they carefully arrange it in a sentence. An Irish-born tavern keeper in New York, annoyed by a male customer's attempt to flirt with an unescorted lady at the other end of the bar, growled at the culprit, "See here, Kelly, there'll be no neck-arching in this saloon this afternoon." I once watched an old man in a pub at Lahinch in County Clare lift a glass of stout and gaze at it admiringly. "If this be a ghost that I see here in my hand before me," he said, "I hope it reappears again soon."

The quick Irish wit shines brightest in political and courtroom invective, sarcasm and snappy comebacks. Ask a waitress in Ireland if the milk on the table is fresh and she is likely to say, "If it was any fresher, it would be grass." Vivian Mercier, a specialist in Irish literature, once asked the receptionist at the Irish Tourist Office the cheapest way of getting to Ireland. "Swim there," she said.

"I eventually got the information I wanted," Mercier wrote later, "but can you imagine receiving that sort of answer in the tourist office of any other nation in the world?"

A priest in Ireland tells with relish about a stern pastor in Galway who noticed while strolling along the seashore one day a young girl sunning herself on the sand in a very brief two-piece swim suit. He sent her a note, asking her to wear a one-piece bathing costume. (TO PAGE 10)

Irish wit

(FROM PAGE 9) "Which piece shall I take off?" she wrote back in reply.

Any kind of pretense or the putting on of airs stirs up barbed words in Ireland. Go-garty once said of the stately poet, William Butler Yeats, "He's becoming so aristocratic he's evicting imaginary tenants." Bart Leahy, an Irish friend of mine, tells of a street-corner loafer in Dublin eyeing the brand-new and expensive yellow pigskin gloves of a lucky companion who had just made a big killing at the racetrack.

"Isn't it curious," the envious fellow sneered, "that when a man comes into wealth, suddenly his hands get cold?"

It was also in Dublin a few years ago that a small boy ran into the street in front of a passing bus, which struck him and injured him slightly. A crowd gathered and one woman turned to the bus driver and shouted dramatically, "Do you mean to say that you ran over this lad here in the middle of the road?"

The bus driver said quietly, "No, madame. I chased him along the sidewalk, into his front lawn, across a bed of flowers and up a tree."

As might be expected, some of Ireland's most accomplished talkers have been politicians and lawyers. When Eamon de Valera, the Irish rebel leader and later president, met with David Lloyd George, the British Prime Minister, for a series of talks during the time of The Trouble between those countries, Lloyd George was asked by reporters during the first day's lunch hour how the conference was progressing.

"When our meeting began early this morning," Lloyd George said, "Mr. de Valera started to recite the wrongs England has done to Ireland. When we recessed for lunch, he had only gotten as far as Oliver Cromwell."

A famous story in Ireland concerns Daniel O'Connell, the political emancipator who was also the leading trial lawyer of his day. O'Connell was once contesting a will, which he claimed had a forged signature written after the benefactor's death. The opposing counsel said that when the testament was signed, the deceased donor "still had life in him."

"You mean he had a fly in his mouth?" O'Connell roared.

The annals of Irish humor are filled with the quips of another famous attorney, John Philpot Curran, who once listened to a wealthy barrister arguing that nobody should be admitted to the bar unless he owned land. "May I ask, sir," Curran said, "how many acres make a wise-acre?"



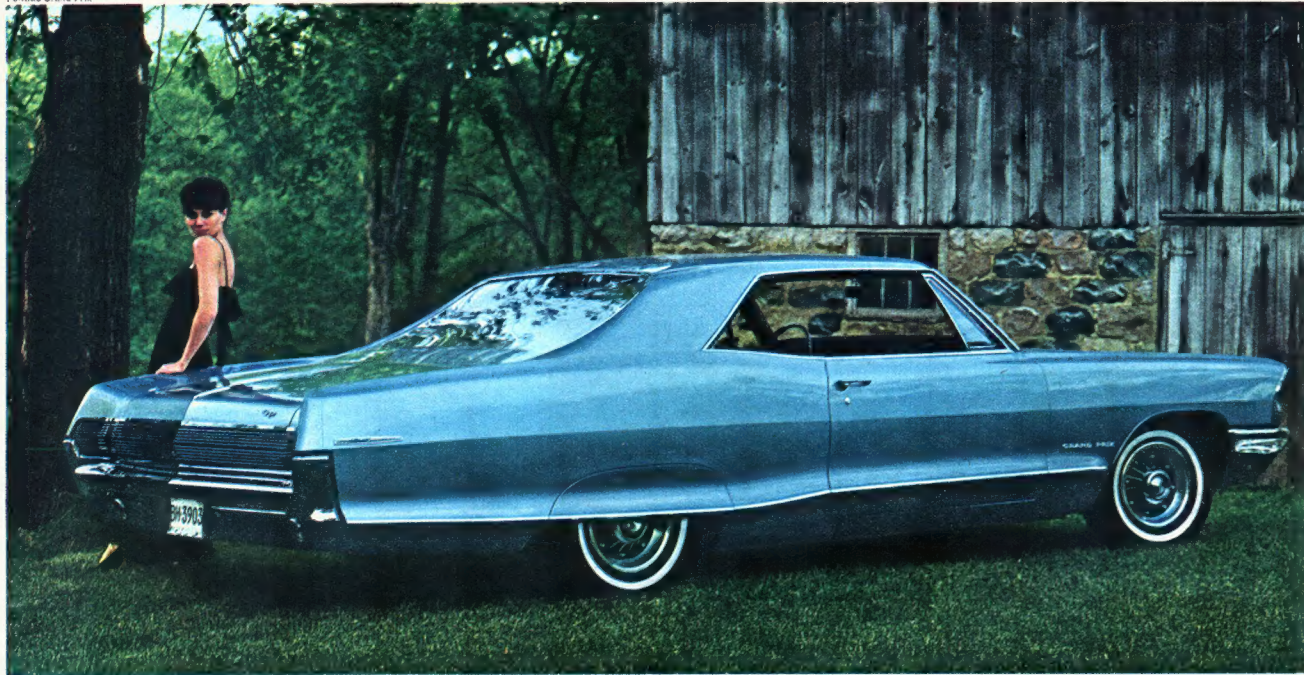
Curran, however, was once topped in a courtroom exchange by another Dublin lawyer, Jackie Moore, who was less than five feet tall. Turning on the little man, Curran said to him, "Keep quiet or I'll put you in my pocket."

"If you do," Moore said, "you'll have more brains in your pocket than you have in your head."

The humor of the Irish is often described as black or grim. ("Here I've been standing all day over this hot stove," the angry housewife says to her husband, "while you were working down in that nice cool sewer.") But much of the witty Gaelic comment on life's hardships is really based on relentless and courageous optimism and the certainty that things could be much worse.

There was an old man with only one shirt, which he washed and hung on a hedge to dry. A gale of wind picked up the shirt and carried it out to sea. A friend who heard the bad news came to offer his sympathy.

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"Tut, man, 'tis nothing," the old man said of the lost shirt. "Hadh'n't I the great luck entirely that I wasn't in it?"

✠ And there was the shepherd, tending a flock of sheep on a rocky mountain top in Galway, overlooking the blue Atlantic Ocean. A passing tourist noticed that there was not a single blade of grass anywhere near the place.

"These sheep of yours don't have much to eat up here, do they?" the traveler said.

"No, sir," the shepherd said. "But they have a beautiful view."

✠ One whole category of Irish jokes aimed at finding a relieving bit of brightness in the saddest of circumstances concerns newly bereaved widows. A familiar classic is the one about the husband who falls from a barge in the River Liffey and is drowned. The insurance company gives his impoverished wife a fortune of ten thousand pounds. After the funeral, a friend consoles the widow. "Poor Paddy, he was a fine man even though he never learned how to read, nor how to write."

"Nor how to swim, thanks be to God," the widow said.

✠ Another such tale is that of the husband who is accidentally killed on a construction job. One of his fellow workers volunteers for the task of breaking the sad news to the dead man's wife. He is urged

to be tactful and delicate. "Don't worry," he says. "I know just how to say it to her."

The delegation of his former companions goes to the deceased's house and when the wife appears in the doorway, the spokesman says to her, "Are you the Widow Casey?"

✠ J. P. Mahaffy once described Ireland as a country where the inevitable never happens but the unexpected often occurs. The charm of Irish humor is its refreshing unexpectedness. One day last summer Michael Collins, manager of the Moira Hotel in Dublin, listened to a compliment from an American visitor. "Somebody at the Royal Hibernian Hotel told a friend of mine who is staying there," the American said, "that the food here in your grill room at the Moira is the best food in Dublin."

"I was probably the one who told him that," Collins said.

✠ There is also the sly twist in the story of the young man from the Aran Islands who came ashore in his boat at Galway and called to a friend, "Seamus, guess what! Guess what, Seamus, my Catherine just gave birth to a new baby!"

"God bless her, John," the friend said. "Is it a boy?"

"No, it isn't," John said. "Guess again."

✠ A true happening that delighted the Irish during their revolution against the British

in 1919-21 concerned Lord Dunsany's butler. His lordship was strongly suspected, with good reason, of helping the Irish rebels. One day when he was not at home, three trucks loaded with Black and Tans, the British terrorist constabulary troops, came to Dunsany's country mansion. They ransacked the house from top to basement, emptying drawers and overturning furniture and threatening the frightened servants. As the soldiers were leaving, empty-handed, the Irish butler came to the door and called after them, "Whom shall I say called?"



✠ As devastatingly biting as it is at times, Irish wit can also be on occasions most disarmingly tender and sweet.

A while ago in Dublin a pretty American girl tourist approached a taxi driver and asked him if she could engage his services for one day.

"Ah, miss," the Irishman said with a smile, "couldn't you make it for a lifetime?" (THE END)



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*In two days the ship docked.
"Can't we plan to
see each other again
back in the States?" she asked*

Fellow traveler

*On land or sea or anywhere,
Selena Mead's job is the same —
in this case, heartbreaking*

Selena lay in the deck chair snugly wrapped in a gay plaid rug. The Atlantic was calm, waveless, reflecting the rays of the winter-bright sun. It was a scene of such serenity that she was for a moment able to forget the reason Section Q had sent her on this voyage and how near she was to failure.

Reminder came with the appearance of a tall man in dark slacks and a turtleneck sweater. He strode briskly to her side and moved her legs to make room for himself at the foot of her chair.

"Exercise time," he announced. "What will it be? Another set of table tennis?"

"After losing five out of six this morning? Not likely. There must be some game in which I can give you more competition."

"Winning one makes you a top contender," he returned smugly. "After all, you were playing the Magnolia Conference champion."

"In ping pong?" Her glance took in the broad shoulders and lean muscular frame. "Somehow I don't picture you collecting cups for knocking a little ball across a table."

You're right," he conceded. "My cups are for the real thing. That's one advantage of living in the South—year-round tennis. The rest of the country's snowed-in, but I could be on my court right now if I were at home."

"Then you'd be sorry," she suggested, "if your organization should move North and cut down on your playing time."

She spoke the words lightly, then watched his face closely for some sign of self-betrayal. But he only shrugged, said with a casualness that matched hers, "That won't happen. They like to build rockets where they can test them without looking at the calendar."

His words, his tone, his expression were all equally unresponsive to her real question. How much did he value that year-round sunshine? Was he about to trade it for the bleak climate—metaphorical as well as actual—of the Soviet Union? She had not really expected the exchange to produce a revelation, any more than the dozens of other gambits with which she had, during the past few days, tried to probe this man's (TO PAGE 14)



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Fellow traveler

(FROM PAGE 13) intentions. Either Section Q's suspicions were unfounded and he had nothing to hide—or his guard was too high for her to penetrate. Which is he, she thought despairingly, innocent or artful? The time for finding out was almost gone. Tomorrow the ship would dock and she was no nearer to the truth than on the day of sailing.

Yet Hugh Pierce had taken her success for granted. "All we need to know," he'd explained, "is whether Harrington plans to use the return portion of his ticket. If he's coming back to the States, we can all relax. But if he's about to slip behind the Iron Curtain, fast action is imperative."

"That seems incredible," she protested. "He's an outstanding scientist, one of the top men in our rocket program. What could they possibly offer that would make him go over to their side?"

"That question never has an easy answer," Hugh said. "But in Harrington's case we can make several guesses. He's not one of those dedicated types whose life begins and ends in the laboratory. He has a strong streak of playboy and an attachment to the things that money can buy. So it may be they've outbid us. Or pride could be his swaying point. He's only No. 2 on his project and his relationship with the top man has become very abrasive. He could be tempted by a chance to head a program, have things all his own way."

"But it's all guesswork, isn't it? You're not sure he's going over to them?"

"We're sure of nothing. That's our problem. Our only certainty is that one of their agents has been in that area and talked with Harrington. Maybe he made him an offer, maybe it never got that far. Maybe Harrington accepted it, maybe he told him to go to—Siberia. He's enough of a loner that he could have thrown the man out and never bothered to report it. What makes it a crisis is that he's been invited to read a paper at a scientific conference in Vienna. Our question is—will he speak his piece and take the next boat home? Or is the conference a stepping stone to Moscow?"

"If there's any doubt," Selena asked, "why let him leave the country? He must have some highly classified information about our rockets and missiles."

"He does," Hugh agreed. "Information that could be very dangerous if used against us. Some of the chaps in Defense are putting up a strong argument for taking away his passport, telling him he can't go. Over in State, though, they're worried about our image. Some of the world's best minds will be at that conference. There's prestige in having one of our men speak. And government interference with his right to travel would be a black mark against the American con-

cept of freedom. But that's only part of the rope we're tied with. You'll understand the rest when you get to know Harrington. He's brilliant, erratic, has a hair-trigger temper. If we stop him from going to Vienna, he'll know we don't trust him. And that's all it will take to push him out of the program. We need his brains, need them badly. We can't risk alienating him, unless we're sure he's already lost to us.

"If that's the case, if he's on the way to them with our secrets, he has to be stopped. We'll have men waiting when the ship docks to make sure he never steps off the gangplank. But if he's coming back, we'll call them off and he'll never know he was under suspicion. Your job is to get a clear picture of his intentions, then send us a coded cable."

"What if the picture never does clear up? Crystal gazing isn't one of my talents."

"I know what your talents are," he returned complacently. "I'm sure he'll find the sea and the stars and Selena an irresistible combination."

Harrington, as it turned out, made no effort to resist her. She had been his chosen partner for dancing, drinking, deck sports, all the diversions the ship had to offer. But his confidences were not of a kind to interest Section Q. If he planned flight to the East, he had dropped no hint. Yet neither could she predict with certainty that he would use his return ticket. Within a few hours the men from Section Q must be given their orders. To stop him or let him go. Their action hung on her word and she had none to send them.

Harrington reached down and flung off her rug covering.

"If you don't feel like games," he said, "we'll promenade. Ten times round the deck will give us an appetite for tea."

They climbed to the deck above, passed the corner where they had, late the night before, stood in close embrace. Her cheeks grew warm at the memory of the ardor with which she had returned his kiss. She had not then had to fake the huskiness of her voice or the sincerity of her regret as she murmured, "We've so little time. Tomorrow and tomorrow night and the next day and then it will be over. I don't want it to be over, do you?"

For answer he cupped her chin in his hand, leaned down to close his lips again over hers. But she pulled away, and persisted, "Can't we make plans to see each other again? When we're both back in the United States, I mean. You must have business in Washington sometimes. Maybe I could visit you. Would you like that?"

"I'd like to see you any place, any time," he answered easily. "But tomorrow? That's a long way off. There's

no room in my mind for anything but tonight."

And that, like everything he said, was subject to two interpretations. Unwillingness to talk of a future that he knew he'd be spending in another country. Or the normal masculine resistance to feminine long-range planning. So she had embarrassed herself to no purpose, was now freshly embarrassed by the recollection. She glanced at the profile of the man striding along beside her with no attempt to adapt his pace to hers. What did I expect, she asked herself. That he'd say, Oh no, you can't visit me because I'm on my way to Russia? That's absurd. Hugh should have known better than to give me this assignment. Shipboard romances may have their uses, but not for getting this kind of information. No man would ever spoil his chance of conquest by letting it slip that he was about to defect to the enemy. I can ask a hundred questions, try a hundred approaches. None of them will bring an answer. Yet somehow, in the little time remaining, that answer must be gotten.

"You're very quiet," Harrington said suddenly. "Something on your mind?"

"It takes all my breath to keep up with you."

"Then you'll be glad to know I've sitting-down plans for after tea. There's a movie I want to see."

"You'll have to go alone," she answered. "After tea I've work to do."

"Work?"

"Tonight's the Captain's Gala," she reminded. "And I intend to win the hat contest. While you watch the movie, I'll create a millinery masterpiece."

The masterpiece was still incomplete when the movie ended. She stationed herself, with her supplies, at a desk in the writing room near the door to the lounge where the film was being shown. Harrington came out to find her surrounded by masses of white tissue paper formed into spheres.

"What's all this?" he asked. "Snowballs?"

"I'm glad you recognize them. The theme of the hat contest is Famous Persons. So my idea is to shape these into a cave to represent Lord Snowden. Snow-den, you see."

"Very clever."

"Only I'm having trouble tying the balls together. Thread cuts the paper and string is too limp. That's the bad part of being at sea—we don't have any dime stores. I'd give any-

thing for a pair of white shoelaces."

"Anything?" He tilted an eyebrow quizzically.

"I've worked so hard on this," she said disconsolately, "and unless the balls stay in place I can't even enter the contest. My whole evening will be spoiled."

"I can't let that happen," he said. "Not when it's our last night on board. You wait right there. Rescue is at hand."

He hurried off and she fashioned one more snowball with nervous fingers. He was back before she finished it. Triumphant he dangled before her two white shoelaces.

"Greater love has no man," he declared, "than to strip his favorite tennis shoes for a ladies' hat."

"Wonderful!" It was hard to force enthusiasm past her dismay at sight of the laces. "Now I'm sure I'll win."

"I expect them back," he said, "after you take the prize. Flopping around in unlaced shoes won't help my game."

"Of course." She gathered the material into a bag, put the laces on top. "I'll finish this in my cabin where there's a mirror to guide me."

They walked together out of the writing room and toward the eleva-

tor. She came to a stop outside the purser's office. "I've just remembered," she said. "I've a cable to send. I'd better do it now."

He held open the door and followed her in.

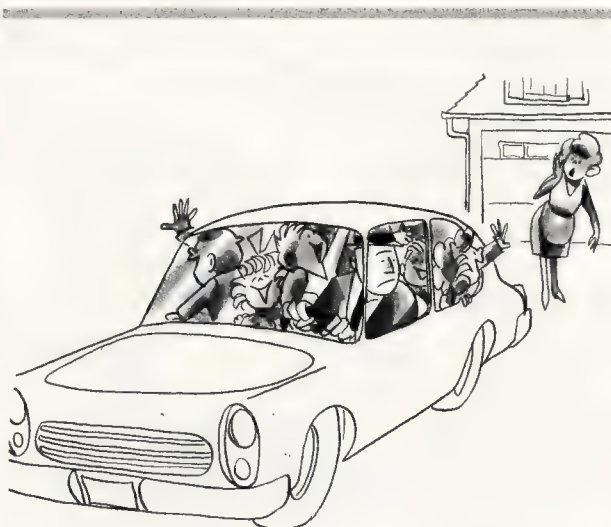
"I've received word," she explained, "of the death of the mother of one of my best friends."

"Ah!" he said with satisfaction. "So that's what's lowered your spirits. It didn't seem logical for you to be so upset over a paper hat."

"Yes," she answered. "It wasn't really a surprise. I knew she was dangerously ill. But even so, it's saddening."

She took a cable blank, wrote on it the cover address for Section Q. For a minute she hesitated, wishing she could write the other message, the birthday greeting—Many happy returns—that would carry the welcome news that Harrington was making a round trip. But that hope was gone.

She leaned down to print the agreed-on phrase: Deepest sympathy in your loss. That would set the wheels in motion, assure his interception before he reached land. The shoelaces had ended all doubt. There would be no tennis in midwinter in Vienna. When Harrington packed his white shoes, he must have been planning a long, long stay. (THE END)



"Dr. Spock is in the glove compartment!"

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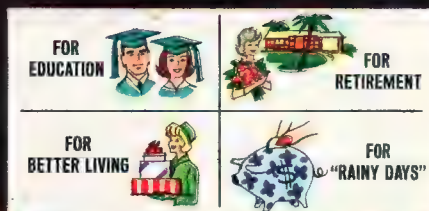
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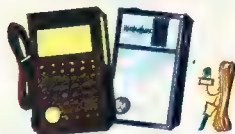


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Maxwell Coplan



Airport chef Ryan (right) serves honest-to-goodness Irish dishes

Kitchen colleens

Cooking in Ireland is simple and hearty — and good

Would you be doubting that there is nothing Irish about Irish cooking? The cuisine of that cocky little island perched on the very edge of Europe has been called a mongrel version of the English and French. It is and it isn't.

Last year I went to Ireland searching for dishes traditional. I started my questioning at the Shannon Airport where Executive Chef William A. Ryan has been researching authentic Irish foods for 16 years. Today in the airport dining room on the tip end of the peninsula, more honest-to-goodness Irish food is menued than in any other eating place on the island.

On to Dublin to meet two of the country's cooking experts. First I talked with Mrs. Maura Lavery, novelist, playwright, broadcaster and cookbook writer. Mrs. Lavery, like Chef Ryan, has for years been collecting old-time Irish recipes. She admits, however, that much of the food served in the public places is a mixture of English and French.

The thing that is truly Irish about the Erin cuisine is the use of native products which are prepared without flourishes. There is the breakfast bacon, highly salted and smoked. The Limerick ham which, like Limerick lace, has an international reputation.

The fish, Mrs. Lavery told us, are jumping fresh from nearby rivers and ocean. Everywhere I went,

Irish smoked salmon was offered as a first course.

And what the Irish can do with the sober-sided spud in the form of "champ" involves endless recipes. Champ is a very pleasant variation of mashed potatoes combined with some one vegetable which is added with the milk in which it is cooked. Scallion champ, as Mrs. Lavery details: Peel and boil eight medium-size potatoes in salted water until tender. Cook six scallions in a pint of milk. Drain potatoes and dry. Whip the potatoes. Beat in the hot milk and scallions and continue beating until smooth. Add pepper and salt to taste.

Another authority on the Irish kitchen is Mary Frances Keating of Dublin, a newspaper writer and radio commentator. She gave me this scallops recipe beloved by the late Sean O'Casey.

"The real secret of the best Irish cooking," said Mrs. Keating, "is its essential simplicity."

BANTRY BAY SCALLOPS

2 cups bay scallops
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
1 tablespoon Spanish brandy, warmed
1 tablespoon lemon juice
½ teaspoon salt ½ teaspoon pepper
Dash of cayenne pepper
¼ cup light cream

Sauté scallops in butter for 3 minutes. Add brandy. Ignite. Sprinkle with lemon juice, salt, pepper and cayenne. Add cream; heat but do not boil. Serve in individual casseroles along with toast points. Yield: 4 portions. (THE END)

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Danish flavor!

(New Danish Margarine made fresh in the U.S.A.)

BORDEN'S NEW DANISH MARGARINE is the result of a special trip to Denmark to learn the secret of great margarine taste—Danish flavor essences—plus a way of making margarine that gives it a light, delicate flavor—the unique Danish Chill Roll Process. Borden's New Danish has such a wonderful, wonderful Danish flavor. It tastes like it was churned on a Danish farm!

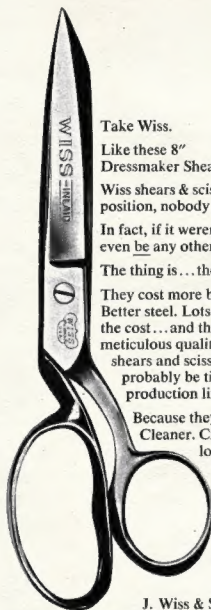
We add a flavorful touch of purest cream, too. And we blend in more expensive ingredients than any other leading margarine. Be sure to get Borden's New Danish Margarine today. In your grocer's dairy case, of course.



And you will love
saving 7¢



How to prevent bad cuts.



Take Wiss.

Like these 8" Dressmaker Shears, one of many Wiss quality items.

Wiss shears & scissors are in a rather unique position, nobody really questions they're the best.

In fact, if it weren't for one thing, there might not even be any other brand of shears & scissors.

The thing is... they cost more.

They cost more because they're made better. Better steel. Lots of hand operations that add to the cost... and the quality. And a slower, meticulous quality control procedure that rejects shears and scissors other manufacturers would probably be tickled pink to have come off their production line.

Because they're made better, they cut better. Cleaner. Crisper. Easier. And do it for a longer period of time before needing resharpening. Chances are, you'll never have to replace them (they're often passed on from grandmother to mother to daughter.)

For better cutting, it's just what the doctor ordered.

Wiss®

J. Wiss & Sons Co., Newark, N.J.
world's largest selling quality shears & scissors for home and industry.

7 BASIC SHEARS & SCISSORS EVERY HOME SHOULD HAVE: KITCHEN SHEARS, PINKING SHEARS, DRESSMAKER SHEARS, SEWING SCISSORS, EMBROIDERY SCISSORS, CUTICLE AND NAIL SCISSORS. ALL QUALITY-MADE BY WISS.

Find the strength for your life...

WORSHIP TOGETHER THIS WEEK



Does BLADDER IRRITATION

MAKE YOU NERVOUS?

After 21, common Kidney or Bladder Irritations affect twice as many women as men and may make you tense and nervous from too frequent, burning or itching urination both day and night. Secondly, you may lose sleep and suffer from headaches, backache and feel old, tired, depressed. In such irritation, CYSTEX usually brings fast, relaxing comfort by curbing irritating germs in strong, acid urine and by analgesic pain relief. Get CYSTEX at druggists. Feel better fast.

FALSE TEETH

KLUTCH holds them tighter
KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion; holds dental plates so much firmer and snuggler that you can eat and talk with greater comfort and security; in many cases almost as well as with natural teeth. Klutch lessens the constant fear of a dropping, rocking, chafing plate... If your druggist doesn't have Klutch, don't waste money on substitutes, but send us 10¢ and we will mail you a generous trial box. KLUTCH CO., Box 541-C, Elmore, N. Y.

Like Walking on Pillows!

Dr. Scholl's
AIR-PILLO
INSOLES



Air-Cushion your shoes
for luxurious walking ease!

This modern miracle of walking ease cushions, pillows, ventilates your feet from toe to heel. Relieves painful callouses... gives mild support... eases pressure on nerves of feet... helps lessen strain of standing, walking. Insulates feet against heat, cold. Sizes for men, women. At Drug, Shoe, Dept., 5-10¢ Stores. Always insist on Dr. Scholl's Insoles!

P.S. AIR-PILLO Insoles also improve fit, feel of worn shoes. SANITIZED* treated for hygienic freshness; odor and germ resistant.

Dr. Scholl's AIR-PILLO INSOLES

Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surgery

Science Finds Healing Substance That Does Both—
Relieves Pain—Shrinks Hemorrhoids

New York, N. Y. (Special) — For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain—without surgery. In case after case, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

Most amazing of all—results were so thorough that sufferers made

astounding statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®)—discovery of a world-famous research institute.

This substance is now available in suppository or ointment form under the name Preparation H®. At all drug counters.

Bonanza U.S.A.

FREE GOLF TIPS. Paul Hahn, one of the nation's foremost trick golfers, and pro at the famous Cape Coral Country Club, offers illustrated instructions on how to improve your golf game. His tips on stance, putting, wrist action, grip, swing and balance, will help to improve your score. For your free copy, write to: Paul Hahn, Cape Coral Country Club, Cape Coral, Fla.



GRASS GUIDE. Would you like to know how to make your lawn look like a luxurious golf course turf? Then note the features of Kentucky Bluegrass, as explained in an illustrated, 24-page grass guide. This Bluegrass, the result of 20 years of research, has a darker green color, is deeper rooted, spreads faster, needs less water, and crowds out weeds. For your free copy, send a postcard to: Merion Bluegrass Association, 101 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Room 607.

FREE LAUNDRY AID. A complete guide for lily-white laundry in the least time and effort has just been compiled by the government. Tells how to wash the newest fabrics, baby's laundry, wool blankets, pillows, wash-and-wear garments, etc. Also tells how much detergent, bleach or water softener to use for different types of wash and the proper water temperatures in each case. If you want to get the most benefits from your washer and dryer, send for a copy of "Home Laundering: The Equipment and the Job—HG-101." Make requests on a post card (not in a letter!) to: Office of Information, U.S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. 20250.

—MORT WEISINGER

NOTE: When making a request, be sure to print your name and address clearly. Allow four weeks for delivery. Sometimes supplies run out, so make your requests promptly.

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Last Laugh



"It's your mother"

Now you
can always be
as active
as you want
to be.

Fems
feminine napkins

Fems is a trademark of Kimberly-Clark Corp.



I promise to be good...

...if I can go.
I heard
Jimmy say
there's lots
of room in
his new Dart.

You and Jimmy
each have your
own seat in front.
I can sleep in back.
There's room
in the trunk
for all my dollies.

And Jimmy says
his Dart only costs
pennies to run.
I've got lots
of them in my
piggy bank.

Please,
can
I go
to Niagara Falls
with you,
Sis?

Silly
girl.



A bouquet for Dodge Dart GT, the car that lets you swing on a budget.

Here's what Dart GT promises: a compact that doesn't act like one, look like one, or feel like one. It's just priced that way. 111 inch wheelbase for big car room and ride. Standard list includes all-vinyl interior, bucket seats, padded dash, Six or V8 models, and the extras you expect.

Dodge Dart GT

DODGE DIVISION



CHRYSLER
MOTORS CORPORATION



**Betty Crocker dips into the candy jar
and comes up with two New Nugget Frosting Mixes.**



Crunchy bits of candy tossed in creamy frosting. Bright. Bouncy and brand new. They accent the flavor. Punctuate the texture. Dress up an everyday cake with New Fudge Nugget Frosting Mix. And for your party cake... pert, pretty Vanilla Nugget Frosting Mix. Pick up both today. New Nugget Frosting Mixes only from Betty Crocker.